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TRUE DEMOCRACY IS SAFE!

SOUND MONEY DEMOCRAT.—We may not elect our ticket this time, but we've put the party in shape for 1900.

PUCK

HE FELT AT HOME.



SEE YOU are an attentive observer of modern conditions."

"I am. I attended a gathering yesterday at which were present the spirits of Julius Caesar and Socrates."

"I envy you."

"Last week I witnessed the marriage of a couple who first met each other five thousand years ago."

"I heard about that. Very interesting."

"Very. I am going to New York shortly to have my fortune told. Fortune tellers abound in the metropolis, you know."

"Yes."

"Before long, I propose to travel all over the United States for the purpose of interviewing the large number of miraculous healers in this country."

"And may I ask who you are, sir?"

"Certainly! I'm the Superstition of the Middle Ages."

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

GAASSAWAY.—Every ounce of free silver will produce—

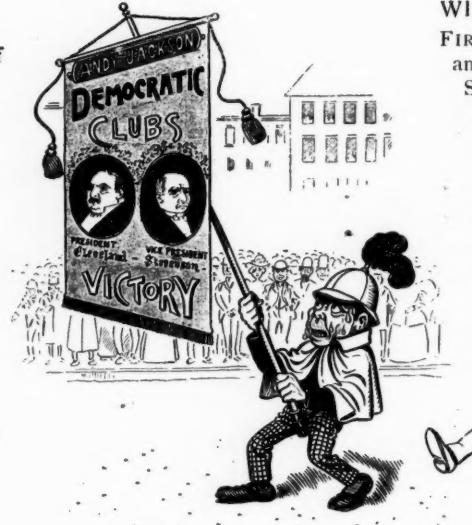
GRIMSHAW.—A pound of trouble.



JUST LIKE HER.

HE.—She asked me what color of hair I liked.

SHE.—That's just like Maude; she's always so anxious to please.



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A CAMPAIGN SUGGESTION.

I.

The old method of making a man carry one of these large, heavy banners was little short of inhuman.

ANYBODY PREFERABLE.

TELLER.—I think Levi Pritchett would make a much better Congressman than Colonel Windbagger.

GRIMSHAW.—So do I! So do I! By the way, who the devil is Levi Pritchett?

A PROTEST.

FIRST LOCAL STATESMAN.

You're goin' to be fired out of de organization fer not registerin'.

SECOND LOCAL STATESMAN.—Dat's dead wrong! Why can't dey wait an' see if I don't git in me vote?

AN ILLUSTRATION.

JOHNNY.—Papa, what is moral courage?

PAPA.—Moral courage? Well, if a man should confess that he does n't understand the silver question yet, that would be an example of moral courage.

SURPASSED HIS EXPECTATIONS.

"Jones was elected, was n't he?"

"Yes; the result was a very agreeable surprise to him."

"How was that?"

"He received the plurality he predicted."

NOT RECIPROCATED.

"Colonel Gassaway, the politician, is still reiterating that he loves the party."

"Yes; but the party continues to keep at the other end of the sofa and glare."



MRS. WHEELER (10 p. m.)—Well, I certainly am having a delightful ride this evening! These lonely dark roads have a fascination for me. Let me see—I have twenty miles to go yet. Oh! I'll be home before midnight.



A FICKLE SUITOR.

O NONSENSE worse could a person hear
Than Arthur's thinking himself to be
In love (with him in his thirteenth year!).
But no denial he 'll take from me.
Though he 's the older by just a bit,
I 'm sure he has n't as much of sense
(As even he will at times admit),
Besides I 've had an experience.

I met one day, with my sister Nell,
(My oldest sister is Nell), a man,
And in the littlest while he felt
As deep in love as a person can.
And after that, while he seemed, you know,
To call on her, he was wooing me;
And that was just an excuse, as—oh!—
As I was young to receive, you see.

He promised solemnly he would wait
To marry me; and he 'd say, like this:
"Now, here 's the lady who sealed my fate!"
And how he 'd beg for a single kiss!
And candy! Gracious! he bought me more
Than I could eat, and he always said
That study-books were a wretched bore.
He nearly cried when I went to bed.

Now, he most certainly thought that I
Was who he loved, — or why ever tell
Such horrid fibs or the candy buy? —
And yet he went and he married Nell.
And how can I, when a man I 've seen
To make mistakes like the one above,
Imagine boys who are not thirteen
Can really know if they 're quite in love?

Layton Brewer.

SO NICE!

ETHEL.—Is n't it nice, being able to speak French? Persons can chat in a public conveyance and nobody else will know what is being said.

FRED.—Yes; — not even a Frenchman!

CLUB AS A HOME.

SAIDSO.—We 're going to have a cannibal supper at the club tonight.

HERDSO.—What might that be?

SAIDSO.—We are to take in a new member and eat on the initiation fee.



MRS. WHEELER (*the next evening*).—What! Can't go to the theatre with me? Why, here are the tickets you bought! Go by myself? James Wheeler, do you wish to insult me! Do you think I have no more self-respect than to go to a public place of amusement without an escort? Your instincts are perfectly brutal!

TAKES TIME.

JESS.—This paper tells of a lawyer who took an hour and twelve minutes to ask a question.

BESS.—That 's nothing; Jake started six weeks ago to pop one to me.



WHAT RILED HIM.

MR. KERRIGAN.—Be hivins!—an' on'y t' t'ink—me good owld father always wanted me t' be a praste; an', loike a dom fool, Oi thought Oi knew more than him.

SHE IS QUITE ATTACHED TO IT.

Her complexion 's like berries and cream,
All rivals it scornfully mocks;
But, alas, for this maiden ! 't would seem,
Like the berries, — it comes in a box.

THE DRUMMER WHO WAS N'T A LIAR.

PICTURE a pleasant-faced young man, well-built, neatly dressed, quiet and unassuming, whose general appearance attracted no attention. That usual blasé air of an old traveler, so noticeable in a man young "on the road," was wanting.

In fact, he was just the opposite of your idea of what constitutes a drummer.

He attended to his duty in calling upon the trade, and devoted his evenings in the hotel writing rooms sending letters to his people at home. Our young man had commenced his career with the determination always to stick to the truth. In displaying his goods, he always answered questions with perfect candor. After the fatigue of each day he felt that he had accomplished something.

Day by day his courage strengthened, and his letters home were long and explanatory.

It was so easy to combine truth with affability, and his conscience was as clear as his order-book. As this was his initial trip, the firm was naturally solicitous, and many letters of advice followed him from the senior member, and many hints and points regarding the peculiarities of many customers were given to help smooth the way. Many of these suggestions our hero deemed unworthy his text, and for some time he debated whether it was not best to state his ideas to the home office. He hastened to do so as the thought rushed to him that he might be deceiving them by an apparent acquiescence in their views. But, strange to relate, they of the office failed to see the application and wrote rather a sharp letter, to his astonishment. He resolved that in spite of apparent short-sightedness he would continue in the way he knew to be right. He concluded they were rather obdurate and were standing in their own light. They knew not the value of a representative that added dignity to commercial lines in general, and to their house in particular. These thorns in his path added to his determination and eloquence, which was embodied in a second epistle to the home office. Full of renewed hope and vigor, one bright morning he came down to the hotel office and asked for his mail. A telegram had just arrived. Could it be possible? Such ingratitude!

"Come home, damned quick! Are you out to sell goods, or on a lecture tour?"

W. C. Otterson.

A FINE SENSATION.

SANDSTONE.—I went to Boston yesterday, just to call on a girl.

TUTTER.—You must love her.

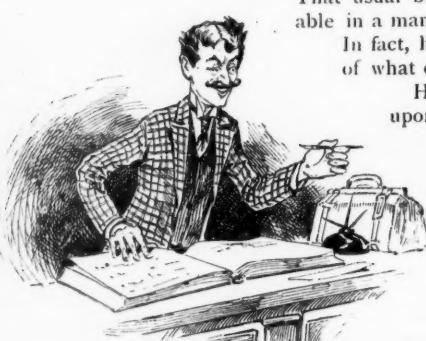
SANDSTONE.—Not that. But it makes a man feel so good when he gets back.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

HE.—I'm going to kiss you when I go.

SHE.—What time is it now?

THE TRUE wheelman is he who can lose his balance without losing his equanimity.



— Oppen —

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THE REASON.

TOURIST (in Oklahoma).—Ah! how like the old Puritan days, to see the men wearing their weapons in church! But, tell me, surely they are not afraid of an Indian uprising or a bandit raid?

ALKALI IKE.—Nope; it's to remind the preacher to keep his sermons short an' to the point.

OL' NUTMEG SAYINGS.

The wust thing erbout fam'ly quarrels is that they is tew many other fam'lies let intew them.

They is plenty uv room et the top, on'y the fellers who are up there naow want it all theirselves.

Don't set on the fence wishin' yew hed some uv yewr neighbor's luck. Wish that yew hed some uv his pluck; then make it a p'nt tew git some, an' success is yewrs.

If some uv the farmers I know uv would on'y rail the'r fences, instid uv railin' et fate, they an' their neighbors would be a plaguey sight better off.

The man who goes intew polleritics fur the puppus uv makin' it cleaner, soon gits accustomed tew the sight uv dirt.

Marriage may or may not be a lottery; but one thing is morril sartin, the ministers ain't goin' tew make a crusade agin it.

Joe Cone.

THE HIGHEST AMBITION.

TALLBOY.—I'm undecided whether to go to the Bermudas or to England; the doctor says there's nothing like a sea voyage to build one up.

SHORTZ.—Build you up? Great Scott! man, do you intend competing with the skyscrapers?



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DOUBTFUL PRAISE.

JACK BACHELOR (called in to see the new baby).—Gracious, Tom! he looks just exactly like you do.

THE NURSE.—Please speak lower, sir! — his mother's in the next room, remember.



FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

EVERY ONCE in awhile, we take our pen in hand and declare for some much-needed reform in the amenities and ethics of life in the community in which we labor. Upon this occasion, we take for our text the abbreviated prefix of "Hon." and demand its abolition.

There was a time when "Hon." stood for "honorable," but in its present state of diluted degeneracy it means nothing, not even "honest." Originally, the title was worn with dignity by the few men in the community who were justly entitled to distinction above their fellow-citizens, but now it is appropriated by every man who has no other handle and no claim to one. Every dub holder of a dinky public office, every jack-legged lawyer, every ex-official of any kind, character, or lack of character, every man who rises to address any collection of people for any purpose and upon any occasion, every kind and stripe of politician, every office-seeker, every man who possesses a little more money than his fellows, every stranger of a purse-proud and paunchy appearance, every newspaper man but ourself — in short, any and every Tom, Dick and Harry, who is not already a colonel, a judge, or a professor.

Perverting the beautiful language of the poet a trifle, it is "Hon., Hon." everywhere, and not a plain, untitled citizen to be found outside of the jail and county poor farm. It is time to call a halt, and hereafter the abomination of "Hon." will appear in the columns of this paper no more forever. We have spoken!

NO CRITERION.

SHE.—I think you might stop smoking. You heard me say I did n't like it.

HE.—That's no reason. I heard you say you did n't like to be kissed.

HE HAD CONSIDERED IT.

SHE.—It's a wonder you would n't take a notion to use soap and water.

HE.—I have thought of it, Mum, but there's so many kinds of soap, an' it's so hard to tell which is an' which is not injur'us to the skin that I did n't like to take any risks.

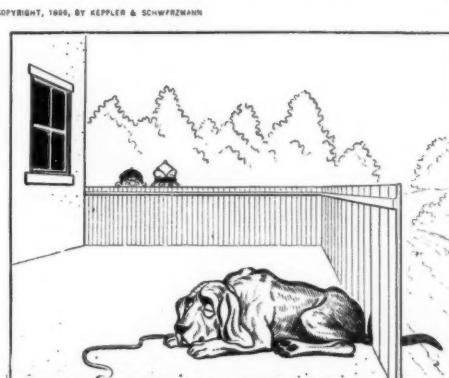
A SUGGESTION FROM THE BACK-YARD.

FIRST CAT.—I see they are going to have another cat show.

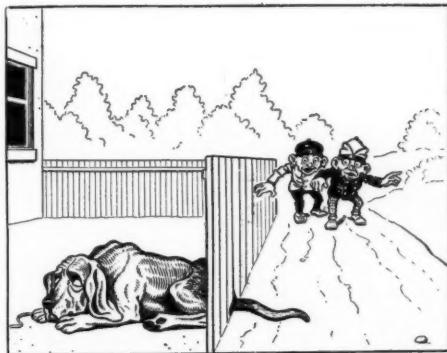
SECOND CAT.—Yes; if they'd give a prize for indifference to bootjacks you and I could give them society cats an argument.

Tom P. Morgan.

ONE ON THE DOG.



FIRST BURGLAR.—No, dere ain't nobody home, but jes' look at dat bloodhoun' layin' over dere untied!



SECOND BURGLAR.—Say, look at his tail stickin' t'rough de fence! Can't we do somet'in' wid dat?



FIRST BURGLAR.—Ah, there, my hearty! I've got a grip like a wice.

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KEEPER (lunatic asylum).—This man thinks he is a bicycle.

VISITOR.—Who put him in?

KEEPER.—His relatives. You see, they all ride different makes from the kind he thinks he is.

BEYOND THE STYX.

PLATO.—Let me see. They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right?

SOCRATES.—That's right. I told them hemlock-juice was my poison. I said ice cream first, but they made me guess again.

NEED FOR ACTION.

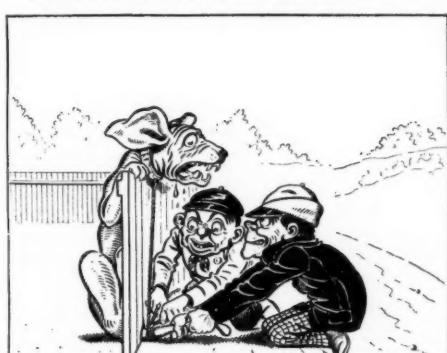
MRS. BROWN.—We ought to try to have the minister's salary increased. Why, it is n't enough to supply his large family with the necessities of life!

MRS. JONES.—No, indeed! I don't see how they manage to keep their wheels in repair.

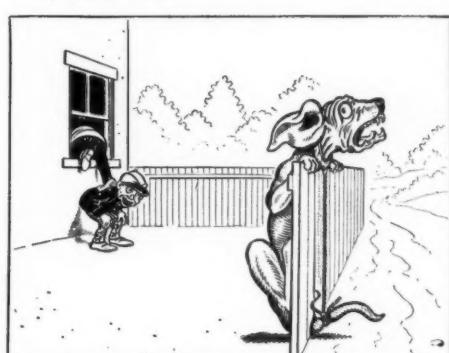
MANY A blessing in disguise effectually eludes detection.



SECOND BURGLAR.—Oh! say, Bill, I see our game! Hold tight, while I grab dat rope.



FIRST BURGLAR.—Tie it tight, Mick! Tie it tight!



SECOND BURGLAR.—Now, take yer time, Bill, an' clean out de place; dat dog is safe fer keeps.



THE TWO BURGLARS.—Well, ta, ta, doggy! Don't fret yourself. Your master'll be home next week.



PARSON CHILBONE.—Dar am a pusson in dis hyar congregation lately been robbin' a hen roos', an' as dis collection am foh de Lawd, I will be 'bleeged to de guilty pahty ef he will not drap anything in de hat.

EXPLAINED.

“I see that Lambley is riding a ‘Corker’ wheel.”
“Yes; his wife thinks the ‘Corker’ is the best wheel made.”

A BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATION.

FRIEND.—It is a secret society, is it?

MEMBER.—Yes. We are under a solemn pledge to conceal our opinions about the weather.

THE TAINT OF PROPRIETY.

TEACHER.—What are proper fractions?

THE YOUTHFUL PESSIMIST.—All of 'em are, I reckon, They's dis'greeable 'nough ter be!

DESCRIPTIVE.

ASSISTANT.—The new reporter's story of the wedding is clever enough, but I'm afraid he is n't accustomed to the most polite society.

MANAGING EDITOR.—What's the matter?

ASSISTANT.—He repeatedly refers to the bridegroom as “the main guy.”

A VARIATION.

FIRST ACTRESS.—Have you heard of Miss Starr's advertising dodge?

SECOND ACTRESS.—What is it?

FIRST ACTRESS.—She has had her bicycle stolen.

THE SEASIDE MONOPOLY GONE.

“Johnson has got another one of his bright new ideas.”

“What is it?”

“To connect with a soda fountain and have surf in your bath-tub at home.”

A GOOD MANY men get their opinions ready-made from some one else's measure, and wear them much as they would clothes of the same kind.

RARE PRAISE.

CHARLEY HARDUPP.—So your father thinks I am a brick, does he?

ETHEL GOTROKS.—Yes, Cholly,—and that is n't the best of it, either—he thinks you're a *gold* one!

HIS VIEW.

JOHNNY.—And in the Millennium there will be no wars at all?
PAPA.—No—except gas wars.

ANOTHER POET SETTLED.

“I have written a poem on the sea,” said the poet.
“Very good,” said the editor, with a smile; “I'm going down Saturday; I'll look at it.”

MENTAL TRAINING LACKING.

“The college you have been attending has quite an extensive curriculum I am told.”

“Yes, indeed! It is fitted with all the modern apparatus: trapeze, horizontal bars, punching bags, and all, and has an elegant plunge-bath.”

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

TOURIST (in Oklahoma).—Why is that man, Peter Smith, called “Polecat Pete?”

ALKALI IKE.—Aw! jest outer compliment, I reckon.

SUMMER RESORT LUCK.

The Summer Girl was the only one who had been saved from the wreck.

As she gazed at the dusky faces of the women who surrounded her, she feebly asked, “Where am I?”

“This is No Man's Land,” they replied.

“Just my luck!” she gasped, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

IT IS a pity that the woman suffrage question can not be settled by transferring to the women who would make a good use of the ballot, the votes of the men who will not.

THE DRAMATIC lady was always Head over heels in debt;
She changed her act to heels over head,
And straightway out was let.





PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ANARCHIST

A CHAIN IS no stronger than its weakest link, PLANK. and a political platform is no stronger than its rotten planks. If the Popocratic platform had no other rotten plank than the one which declares against "Federal interference" in local affairs, it would still be a thing of menace to life and property. This plank is a virtual defence of the riot, pillage and destruction of property which marked the Chicago labor troubles of 1894, and a rebuke to the President for having used his power to stop it. No upholstery of rhetoric can hide its criminal purpose. In the Summer of 1894 the city of Chicago lay at the mercy of a mob of fire-bugs and rioters. This mob was led by a half-crazed labor agitator who weakly and wickedly incited it to violence. The alarmed people turned naturally to the Governor of their state for protection. They found him not only unwilling to use his constitutional power to suppress the riot, but apparently determined to encourage it to such extent as he dared. Had he been supreme in his power it is probable that his dream of revolution would have come true, and that his unpleasant face would have scowled in malignant glee over a burned and pillaged city. But this anarchist Governor was not supreme. By the terms of the constitution a State has nothing to do with the maintenance of the authority or the execution of the laws of the United States within its territory. And so the President of the United States proceeded to enforce such laws of the United States as were being violated in the State of Illinois. This act anarchist Altgeld might have condoned, but for the fact that in enforcing its own laws the United States incidentally did what he had neglected to do; — it suppressed riot and pillage. The first and most startling result of this "Federal interference" was the howl of baffled rage that came from the throat of this anarchist Governor of Illinois; and never did unbridled rage more conclusively betray the criminal instincts of a man. There were several later results. One was that agitator Debs was sent to jail for his crimes. Another was that both houses of Congress, irrespective of party affiliations, the press of the country, both Democratic and Republi-

can, and the people at large, very warmly commended President Cleveland for the firm stand he had taken in putting down the rebellion at Chicago. No act of his official career has been more needful, more earnestly desired or more generally applauded. But anarchist Altgeld's howl of protest and the frenzied ravings of agitator Debs still survive in a political platform; — not in a Populist platform or a Silver platform, as might have been expected, but in a Democratic platform, to shame every Democrat who has not lost his mind. It is the duty of every Democrat to trace the history of this plank from its beginning; and, above all, he should read Attorney General Harmon's able exposition of the Federal and State laws in question, lately given to the press. He will learn from this that "a Government which is not entirely free to use force to protect and maintain itself in the discharge of its own proper functions is no Government at all;" — and he ought to learn, further, that if he supports the opposite view, he is no Democrat at all, but an anarchist.

A DAZZLING OFFER.

DENISON, Texas, Sept. 10th, 1896.

Editor PUCK—Dear Sir:

If, as you claim, an American silver dollar will be worth only fifty-three cents in case Bryan is elected, will you agree to furnish me ten thousand (10,000) American silver dollars each week for one year at seventy-five cents apiece? Please let me hear from you in your next issue.

Very truly,

E. C. GREYBOURNE.

The trouble with good things like you, Mr. Greybourne, is that they never bear investigation. You offer to put me in the way of making something like \$130,000; and yet, so little faith have I come to put in this kind of philanthropy, that I would willingly sell the chance for \$1.30. Your letter smells unpleasantly of bluff. Its wording indicates a belief on your part that you have at last found an argument for free silver which no one will dare to answer. You have pictured yourself launching this terrifying proposition at a crowd of gold bugs and seeing them every one slink away abashed. It seems to you to establish once for all the inalienable right of the American people to a fifty-cent dollar — or, it's a seventy-five-cent dollar, is n't it, that you expect?

But to get to business. I will accept your proposition with great pleasure, and trust that we may be able to sign a contract embodying it at an early day. This contract must provide, of course, that your payments shall be made in gold, and I shall also insist upon a gold clause in the bond which you would of course furnish, in the sum of \$130,000. Send along this bond and your draft of the contract, and I will do my part toward getting the matter into shape at once.

But why be half-hearted in this matter, Greybourne? You are not helping the cause of silver any. Mr. Bryan is convinced that these silver dollars will be worth 100 cents, and if you believe him you ought to show your faith by offering that sum. You are hurting the cause by betting that the dollar will fall only to 75 cents under free silver, because stealing is stealing whether you take twenty-five cents or fifty.

Assuring you of my belief that you are talking through Mr. Bryan's crown of thorns, I remain,

Incredulously yours,

PUCK.

THE NEW GOSPEL.



R. BRYAN announces a pound of eight ounces would make us all twice as strong,
And a year of a hundred and fifty days would make life twice as long;
For this is the law of the universe, and the burden of his song,
That it's only the measure that makes the size — and it gen'rally makes it wrong.

If the little pint bot. were called a quart it would make us twice as full,
If a rusty red were named scarlet, instead, 't would embitter the life of a bull;
With an inch labeled "mile" the lowliest pile would loom with a bulk immense —
Then here 's to the nickel that's called a dime, and the dollar of fifty cents!

Oh! the people's bike away shall strike from effete old physical laws, —
Triangular wheels, with a chain that squeals on a frame that is mostly flaws, —
And the tire we sell will continue to swell so long as you choose to inflate,
And we'll have a law especially for to make it circulate.

Then we'll have a compass that hustles around and ain't no slave to the pole,
Our thermometer's rise will be double the size for the sake of the saving in coal;
And two will be four, and five will be ten, and a half will be a whole,
When we get the rules of the 'rithmetic well into our own control.

Joseph Lee.

ENVY.

FIRST TRAMP — Did yer see Li Hung Chang?
SECOND TRAMP.—Yes. It was a touchin' sight to see a man what kin git carried when he don't feel like walkin'.

IT MAY LAST.

UNCLE NED.—What are you going to be when you grow up, Tommy?
TOMMY.—I'm going to be a soldier in the Cuban war.



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HE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER.



PUCK.



J. Ottmann Lith Co. PUCK Building, N.Y.

RE'S NOT MUCH DOUBT ABOUT THE RESULT.



A PROBLEM.

BURNUPSKI.—Dey say if dem silfer fellers vin, der fire insurance policies vill be paid in fefty cent dollars.

HOCHSTEIN.—Is dot so?

BURNUPSKI.—Yes. Undt I vos t'inkin' vedder I ought to haf a fire before election or fail on account of der silfer craze.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

"**W**AL, I'LL SWAN!" ejaculated Josh Medders, stopping his team in front of Farmer Hornbeak's barway and gazing with amazement into the field. "Who have ye got workin' over there?"

"Jay Rubberneck," replied Mr. Hornbeak, coming to the bars and hooking his elbows over the top rail.

"That's who I thought it was, but I could n't hardly believe my eyes. Workin' like a slave, an' right out in the blazin' hot sun, too! This is the first time I ever seen Jay workin' real hard. What are ye payin' him?"

"Nuthin'. I jest told him to go to work, an' he went right at it."

"Gol-frost! How did you come it on him?"

"Aw, he come along an' set around all the mornin', argyin' the silver question with me, an' contendin' that if we could only git free coinage we'd have all the money we could spend an' our crops would be worth twice as much as they are now. Thinks I to myself, 'Young feller, if you don't know any better than that you ain't got no more sense than to go to work if I tell you to.' Accordin', I told him to go at it, an' at it he went."

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE.

SMITH.—A new rule is to be adopted by both National Conventions in 1900.

JENKINS.—What is it?

SMITH.—Any man who howls for more than twenty minutes after the conclusion of a nominating speech shall be considered out of order.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

NATIVE.—We have quite a stable government just now.

TOURIST.—How is that?

NATIVE.—Well, the government is heartily supported by one-third of the people, and the other two-thirds are divided into six factions, no two of which will agree to rebel at the same time.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

FIRST SPANISH OFFICER.—Yes, the Captain-General has issued a proclamation giving the rebels fifteen days to surrender.

SECOND SPANISH OFFICER.—He expects that that will strike terror into them?

FIRST SPANISH OFFICER.—No-o; but it will serve to explain during the fifteen days why he is n't doing anything.

IT IS estimated that there are corporations enough in the United States to permit each citizen to be a member of two boards of directors.

PUCK.

CONTEMPORARY CHESTNUTS.

"Without the consent of any other nation on the face of the earth."

"Seventy million of people."

"The highest honor within the gift of the American nation."

"Reckless misrepresentation."

"From the foundation of the Republic to the present time."

"Our common country."

"The money power."

"Blatant blatherskite."

"The lessons of experience."

"All that is noblest in our history."

"Handed down by the fathers."

"\$100,000,000 in gold."

"This is no time for scurrilous abuse, passion or prejudice."

"It will never be heard of after November next."

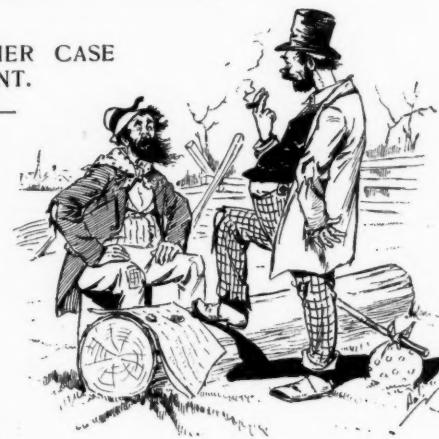
STILL ANOTHER CASE IN POINT.

WEARY WILLIAMS.

Yas; I'm erposed ter free silver. It'd cut our incomes right'n two.

HUNGRY HOWARD.

Gosh! 'N that case, w'en'er New Woman give us her ol' bloomers, they would n't be nothin' but one bloom, would they?



IN MAINE.

VISITOR.—Competition among the drug-stores must be lively.

RESIDENT.—It is lively.

VISITOR.—I wonder that they don't supply their patrons with a good free lunch.

THE CHIEF difficulty in a campaign of education is to distinguish between pedagogues and pupils.

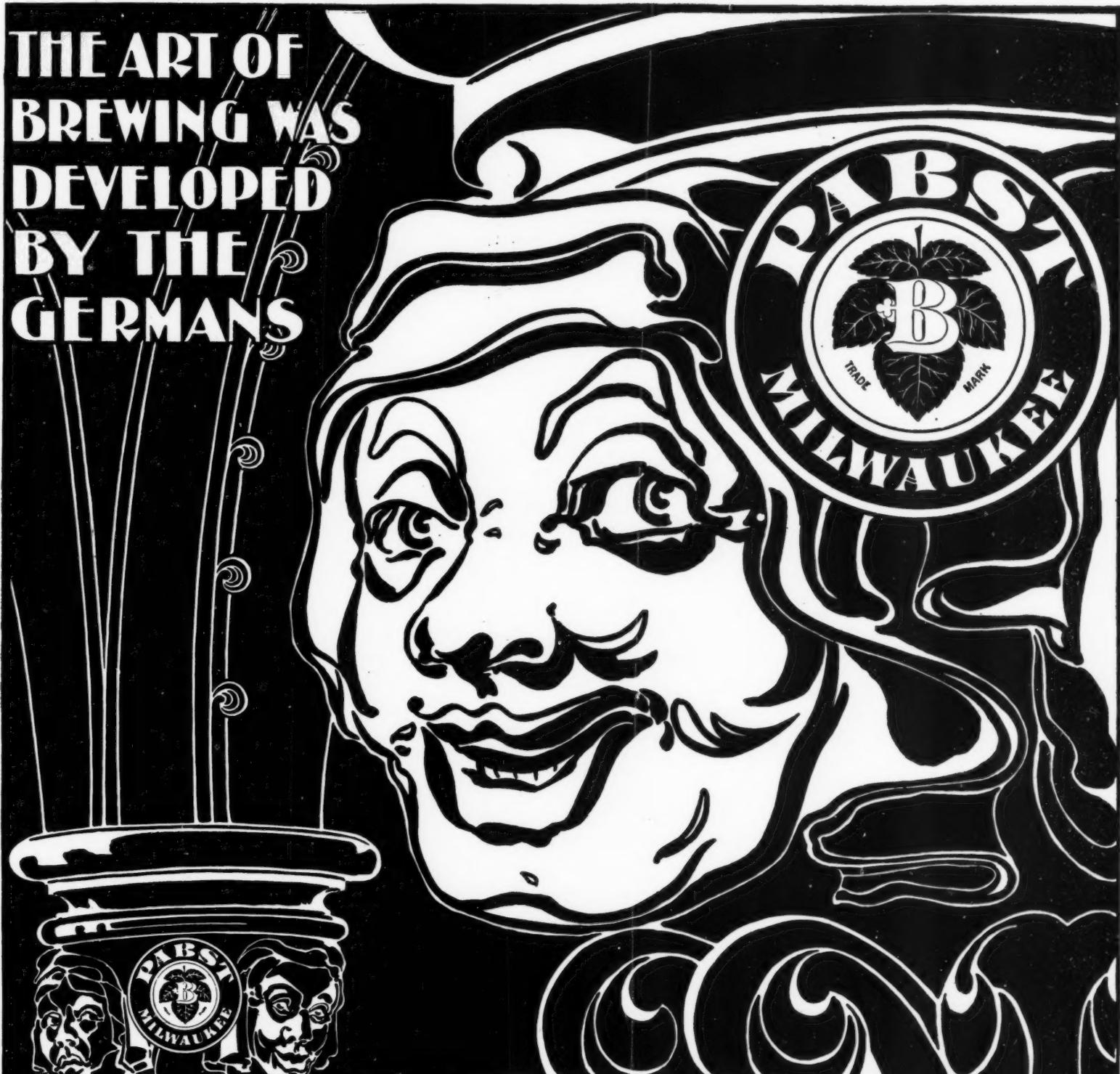


WOULD N'T DO AT ALL.

CHINESE VICEROY.—O Son of Heaven! the British Ambassador craves free entry into your dominions for the English comic-papers.

THE EMPEROR.—Not on your life, Li!—My faithful subjects have always been taught that Chinese jokes are the oldest in the world, and I will not disillusionize them.

THE ART OF
BREWING WAS
DEVELOPED
BY THE
GERMANS



SHAKESPEARE DIED
of Fever and Ague.

He lived on the damp, marshy banks of the Avon. Thousands to-day are compelled to live in damp, dank, unhealthy places. Tens of thousands are exposed to bad air, bad sewerage, bad sanitary conditions. Malaria and diphteria result. These should protect the system, fortify it, brace it against chills and fever and all intermittent diseases. How? Make bright, clear blood, enhance your muscular strength, calm your nerves, eat and sleep well. In what way? By using

PABST MALT EXTRACT,

which gives bloom, elasticity and tone, defies disease and makes your body a stronghold against attacks of sickness of all kinds.

THE BEST TONIC

renders you secure, safe, snug and free from danger.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

BINNER
CHICAGO

ANOTHER SPANISH VICTORY.
Once more we'll thank our lucky fate
And vow that we are in it;
The foe's retreating at the rate
Of sixty words a minute.
—Washington Star.
CAN a hammock be called a spoon-holder?—
Alchison Globe.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL
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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Balsom for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. Beeman Chemical Co. 27 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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Ladies' and Children's Cloakings.

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Mother sighed,
Doctor prescribed: Castoria!

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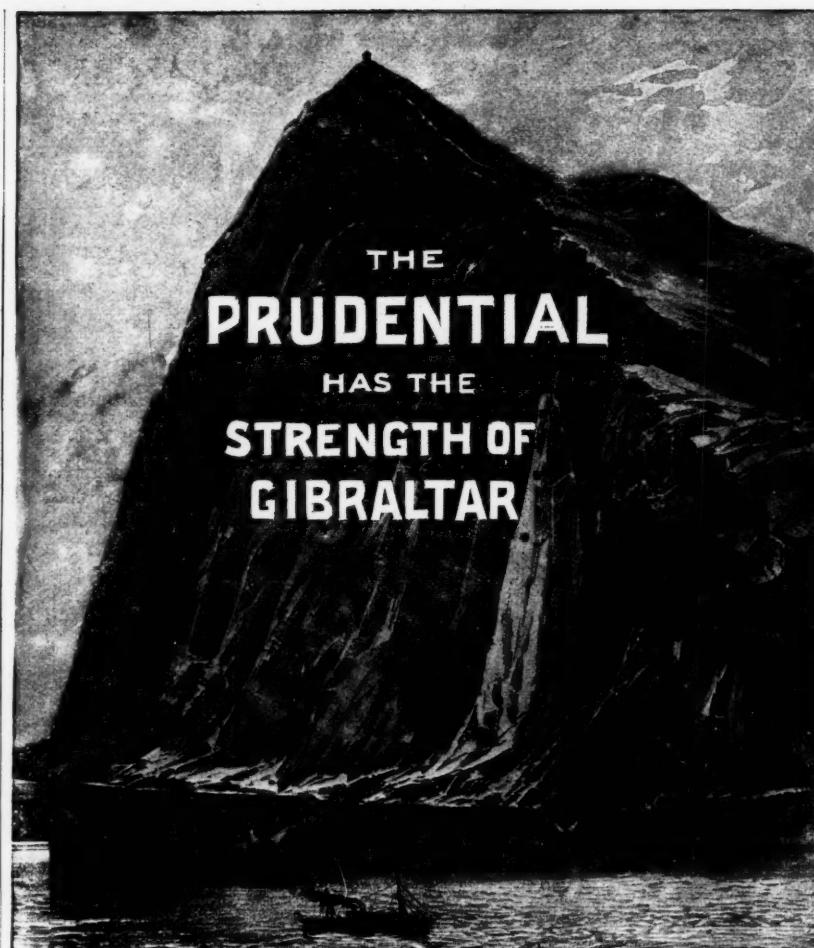
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"A LOFTY AIM."



"WHAT seems to be the matter with Mike, Mrs. O'Grady?"

"Sure, he do be suff'rin' from a good old Irish disease."

"What is it?"

"Mikecrobe, Oi think the doctor called it."—Norristown Herald.

Do not be deceived by fraudulent impositions. Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitter—the public knows it for many years.

WE are not naturally hard-hearted, but we confess that we can look upon a piece of successful fly-paper and gloat great gloats.—West Union Gazette.

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BREAKING THE SPELL.

"This won't do!" exclaimed Mrs. Box, excitedly; "there's thirteen at table."
"Never mind, Maw!" shouted little Johnny; "I kin eat fur two."—Detroit Free Press.

BOKER'S BITTERS
An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

IN AUTUMN.
This gentle season, as it goes,
A double purpose serves;
While men put down their party foes,
Their wives put up preserves.
—Washington Star.

NEXT Fall, quick-silver and free-silver will go down together.—Adams Freeman.



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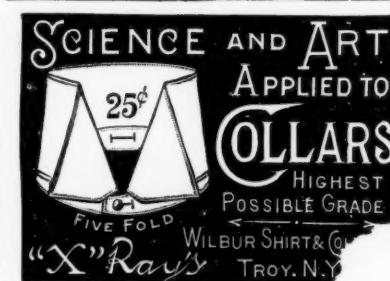
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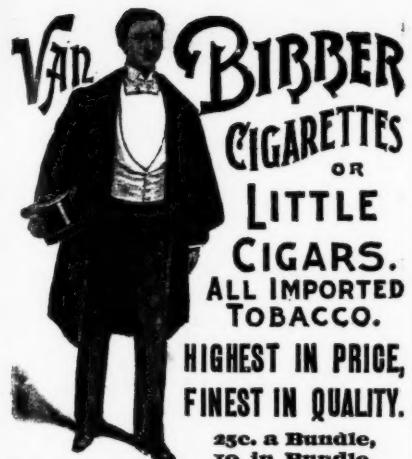
Bad Complexion,

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use that delightful antiseptic cleanser,

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Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.



EXCESSIVE perspiration is both unpleasant and unhealthy; so is a disease. JOHN H. WOOD-BURY, 127 W. 42d St., New York, cures excessive perspiration. 132 Page book for 2-cent stamp.

OPPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 Broadway, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

WE know lots of good fellows, if they would only stop telling jokes.—*Atchison Globe*.

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TRADE MARK
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25¢

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK. Customs, styles, methods, change and pass away. WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK never changes. Its Rich, Luxurious, Cream-like Lather is always the same. It is the magnificent result of half a century devoted to the perfecting of Shaving Soap. Its wonderful lather, soothing, healing, medicinal qualities and delicate odor make Williams' Shaving Stick matchless, incomparable.

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A PUZZLING TRANSACTION.

ISAACS.—I haf choost draded my property up-town for dot abartment house of Rosenthal's.
COHEN.—You haf? I gandt understand such a ding.
ISAACS.—Vv not?
COHEN.—Well, both of you can't be shtruck.

AN OUT ABOUT IT.
BLIGGINS.—Bragmore, the fellow who was fired out of his job in the custom house, is an out-and-out Republican, is n't he?
GAYMORE.—No; he's only an out Republican now.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

Hartford Single-Tube Tires. It would be unjust to say that one cannot do without Hartford Tires; it is possible to put up with anything. But perfect contentment is to have the right kind of tires in preference to all others. Take only the genuine.

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

FROM the fact that hundreds of Democrats have announced their intention of not supporting Bryan this Fall, we are inclined to believe that he will have to work for a living, unless he should bring suit for non-support.—*Norristown Herald*.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST



After The Bath

that feeling of invigoration and contentment is heightened by drinking a glass of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S *Malt-Nutrine* TRADE MARK.

the food drink. It is simply the pure and palatable nutriment of malt and hops. It is a vitalizer, a flesh builder and a strength giver—an invaluable addition to every family medicine chest. Nothing is so good for nursing mothers and invalids.

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"THE gre't thrubble that Oi notice about the bicycle," said Mr. Dolan, after his first lesson, "is that yez kape fallin' off before yez git an." —*Washington Star*.

Denver, Colorado Springs and Manitou, Colo.; Salt Lake City, Garfield Beach, and Utah Hot Springs, Utah; Soda Springs, Hailey, Shoshone Falls, and Boise City, Idaho, are all splendid resorts for the tourist, and offer attractions not found in the East. The Union Pacific gives unequalled service to all these points.

SHE.—Why, Will, those trousers look as if you had been sleeping in them!

HE.—I have. I wore them to church, last Sunday. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

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MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

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LONDON: 329 Oxford St.

MABEL.—Is there any insanity in Miss Gotrox's family?
MAUD.—There must be. She refused Lord Forgiveus.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GOOT? SCHERING'S
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PAMPHLET FREE.
PIPERAZIN
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RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy
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Acid Troubles.

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If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering.

Free trial; if not satisfied it costs you nothing.
CARLOS BRUSSARD, M. D., 187 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GREEN corn is beginning to taste like horse feed.—*Atchison Globe*.

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HE DENIES IT.

THE FIANCÉ.—I'm surprised at you! I saw you flirting with her!

THE FIANCÉ.—I swear, Priscilla, you are mistaken! Beauty has no charms, — never had any charms — for me!



Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has a delicious aroma of the grapes. Its purity is unquestioned.



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Send size of wick and name of Lamp and 25 cents in silver, and receive the **AJAX** Burner Attachment. Positively prevents your lamp from jarring out, blowing out or smoking. Increases light 30 per cent., and makes square flame. Satisfaction or money refunded.

Agents Send Stamp for Particulars.

J. A. FOSTER,
St. Joseph, Mich. **Drawer "E."**



Is a pamphlet of humor issued from the office of the famous PUCK. Mr. FREDERICK OPPEN is one of the very few genuinely comic artists in this country, and of this limited number he is probably the funniest. His pictures are funny enough to make a laugh come without the aid of letter-press. These drawings, reprinted from PUCK, form a handsome album of some of the drollest ideas that have flowed from Mr. OPPEN's pencil during the past ten years, and the person who pays thirty cents for the "Book" will easily get his money's worth.—Norristown Herald.

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Tours to the South via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Two very attractive early Autumn tours are offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving New York and Philadelphia September 29 and October 13.

After the experience of the past few years it is hardly necessary to say that these outings are planned with the utmost care; suffice it to say that all arrangements are so adjusted as to afford the best possible means of visiting each place to the best advantage.

The tours each cover a period of ten days, and include the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, Basic City, the Natural Bridge, Grottoes of the Shenandoah, the cities of Richmond and Washington, and Mt. Vernon.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is \$55 from New York, \$53 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

Each tour will be in charge of one of the company's Tourist Agents. He will be assisted by an experienced lady as Chaperon, whose especial charge will be ladies unaccompanied by male escort.

Special trains of parlor cars are provided for the exclusive use of each party, in which the entire round trip from New York is made.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

FEARLESS.

DALPIN.—Why is it that the stage villain always smokes a cigarette?

STIGNEY.—Oh! he does n't fear the consequences. He knows he's got to die before the show is over.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

AND HE WOULD N'T DO THAT.

"Hubly, what in the deuce did you mean by letting that note I indorsed for you go to protest?"

"Why, man, there was no other way unless I paid the thing."—*Detroit Free Press*.

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT.

"I have another proof of my theory!" cried the moralist, gleefully.

"WHAT THEORY?"

"That the world is growing better. I discovered yesterday that they have stopped putting pictures in cigarette packages."—*Washington Star*.

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Manhattan,
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HIS QUESTION OUT OF ORDER.

HE.—Can you cook?

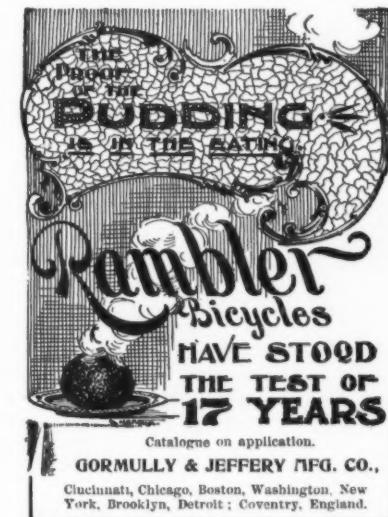
SHE.—Niver mind that just yet. Where do yez live an' what wages wud yez pay?

TEACHER.—Anything is called transparent that can be seen through. What scholar can give an example?

BOBBY.—De hole in de fence round de base-ball park.—*Norristown Herald*.

MRS. OFFISEKER.—Well, John, so you have actually got through talking with that Mr. Heeler, at last. Is there anything in him?

JOHN (gloomily).—Yes, there's a bottle or two of my best Extra Dry, but I don't believe there's any disposition to vote for me.—*Washington Capital*.



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GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
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SHE.—What is the most difficult thing about journalistic writing?

HE.—To read it.—*Adams Freeman*.

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ST. PETER.—Halt!

NEW SPIRIT.—Can't I come in?

ST. PETER.—I'd rather you would n't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe.—*New York Weekly*.

WHEN a woman, without being coaxed to it, tells a man she loves him, it scares him.—*Atchison Globe*.

PUCK.



CHARLEY.—Be gad! Here comes one of the prettiest girls I ever saw in my life. I won't do a thing but flirt with her!



CHARLEY.—I'll turn around and let her catch me. This will make the other fellows die of jealousy.



CHARLEY.—Ah! Good aftahnoon! You must feel lonely riding alone! No objections to my company? Oh, thanks!



CHARLEY (enraptured, aside).—Oh! is n't she a beauty? Such swell style! Such a handsome get-up, and one of the most expensive wheels I ever saw. I'll bet she is an heiress. The boys down the road will be wild when they see me with her. (Aloud.) Let us go down to the hotel and have some lunch? Oh! thank you for accepting the invitation.



CHARLEY.—Yes; there 's the hotel right up there. A swell place. Only the best of society people go there. (Aside.) Those fellows will be crazy jealous, you bet!



CHARLEY.—Now, order anything you wish. (Aside, as the Fairy of the Wheel gives a ten-dollar order.)—Phew! Still, it's worth ten dollars to do these people up. Just look at them! Perfectly dumbfounded. Oh! I 'm a corker, I am!



THE FAIRY OF THE WHEEL.—Oh! Mr. What's-your-name, let me thank you for this delightful lunch. No, I can get out myself. You know we have not been introduced, and I had better leave quietly.

CHARLEY (aside).—I wonder what all these people are laughing at, anyway.



CHARLEY (as the Fairy leaves the room).—***!??!!—!!! And it cost me just ten dollars!

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